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But how I've wander'd from my darling
theme !

How unrestrain'd my rebel fancies run !
Imagination ! this no idle dream !—
Oh, Muse ! my song is of my *only* son !

My child ! to thee, I turn again, in thought,
To sweet remembrance of the happy
day,

That with its welcome visitation brought,
Joy's blossom-buds to strew Life's rug-
ged way.

Thou cam'st a little seraph sent from hea-
ven,

For all thy graces speak thee from above :
Thy parents asked the gift—the boon was
given,

A recompense for yet unrivalled love.

Heaven guard my boy ! the scion of my
strength !

Propitious powers ! oh, train him for
your praise !

Be health bestowed—grant life a glorious
length ;

And guide his feet in truth's unerring
ways :

Father of Wisdom ! plant within his soul,
The seeds of virtue, and the plants of
grace :

Be thou his faithful friend—his steady pole,
And never veil thy mercies from his
face :

Oh ! that his course may be a stream of
light,

To draw beyond the stars its lucid line,
Thereby preparing, thro' sin's sable night,

A way to heaven : a path to fields di-
vine.

May new delights still meet him every
year,

Bright be the future : pleasant still the
past :

Strange be his cheeks to woe's heart-
wringing tear,

And may each hour be happier than the
last.

AUGUSTUS.

21st November, 1812.

ON A LARGE ASH, WRITTEN AT THE
REQUEST OF A LADY.

COULD but my verse thy noble stature
reach,
Majestic Ash ! and soar so high a pitch,

Not in the County of Kildare

Should be so fam'd a tree :

What Hercules could thee uprear ?

Not Finmacoole could root up thee
To make of thee his chair,

Here let me sit beneath thy shade,

And contemplate those ruins made

By time's unsparing hand :

Oh ! could my lays

Unite thy praise

With ancient glories of the land,
Of heroes long since dead, who in the
dust are laid.

As Finmacoole, whose brave exploits

Of throwing hills about like quoits

• Have so renowned been,

Such miracles could ne'er achieve,

Nor enterprize, as I believe,

But for his smiling queen.

So, ne'er could I thus far have writ,

Had not the fair commanded it :

Their favour I do crave,

Which if I gain, I am content,

And think my labour is well spent ;

And so I take my leave.

RICCIARDO.

THE DESERTER.

WHY move with measur'd steps yon
martial band,

In solemn, awful silence ? Why breathes
not

The wonted clangor of the clarion's bray,

The flute's soft symphony, the fife's shrill
note,

Drown'd by the echo of the war-drum's
roar ?

'Tis Justice points that step, forbids the
voice

Of warlike melody to rouse the soul,

Or lure a thought from her ; severe in
wrath,

'Tis not enough the victim at her shrine

Should yield his forfeit life, she points to
man,

And in emphatic language bids him read

Her stern decrees. Now dread suspense,

And deeper silence reign, while o'er the
host

The sombre veil of melancholy spreads.

Behold the wretched man ! his moisten'd
eye

Is rais'd to Heaven, his unequal step

Proclaims the inward anguish of his soul.

He gains the fatal spot ! the last few friends

Whom misery bound to life are gone for
ever.

Alone, amid surrounding multitudes,
 What are his thoughts, while hovering o'er,
 The spirit of the grave expects his prey?
 A pause ensues!—compassion's smother'd
 sigh,
 Involuntary starting from the heart,
 From breast to breast its soft contagion
 spreads.
 To him what boots the sigh—the starting
 tear?
 He hears, he sees it not:—to thee, Creator,
 Parent of mercy, everlasting God!
 To thee he casts the eye of trembling fear,
 Through terror's veil!—And now the des-
 tin'd few,
 In solemn order rang'd, in dreadful silence
 Wait the appointed signal; 'tis given—
 The voice of death is heard! destruction
 flashes
 Swift from the thundering tubes, the irre-
 vocable
 Messengers of death wing their predestin'd
 way;
 He falls to earth!—mortality resigns
 The animating spark, and awful Justice
 Displays the impartial terror of her reign!

C. D.

ELEGY.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEPARTURE OF
 MR. A..... S...., A FRIEND, TO
 AMERICA.

PARENTAL love, and Friendship nymph
 divine,
 Ye whom the Gods inspire, whom vir-
 tue rears;
 Why weep ye so? Why thus in anguish
 pine,—
 Alas! too just the cause that claims your
 tears.
 Thus had the muse the pensive pair ad-
 dress'd,
 When three-fold sorrow, hydra-like to
 view,
 Assum'd her seat in each angelic breast;
 Nor could the muse forbear—"Twas tri-
 bute due.

Loquacious mem'ry, anxious to afford
 Promethean tortures, for the mourning
 fair,
 Each act endearing, tho' forgot restor'd,
 Of virtue, friendship, and of talents rare.

BELFAST MAG. NO. LIII.

How oft at eve, in yonder neighb'ring
 grove,
 Where youthful blooms by vernal beau-
 ty grac'd,
 Would A..... tune the lyre to strains of
 love,
 And teach e'en innocence to be more
 chaste.

And how, when Boreas' armament dis-
 may's
 The tott'ring cot, in winter's rude career;
 Domestic bliss in mild congenial rays
 Was felt by all, if A..... were but near.

Recounting thus, the seraphs mix their woe,
 Thus friend and parent each their sor-
 rows vend;
 And thus the muse's pensive numbers flow;
 This mourn'd a votary, and those a friend.

When, lo! two forms, with heavenly ra-
 diance crown'd,
 Appear'd in view, to gild the mournful
 gloom,
 And cheer the hearts of those whose grief
 profound,
 Can give e'en double horror to the tomb.

The patroness of conscious virtue here—
 Celestial Innocence in front appears;
 There the mild sunshine of the mental
 sphere,
 Benignant Hope, her Heav'n-turn'd as-
 pect rears.

The radiant maiden, messenger divine,
 Thus silence broke,—"Tis Innocence
 implores,

"Weep not, ye seraphs, for your care is
 mine,

"E'en Heav'n protects him on Colum-
 bia's shores.

"And thou, fair nymph," addressing thus
 the muse,

"Tis thine to follow o'er the foaming
 sea,

"Whilst Hope shall here her soothing
 balm infuse—

"So runs the mission—such is Heaven's
 decree."

Thus spoke the virgin, whilst her voice
 convey'd

Mild gales of comfort, grief confest her
 power;

So morning Sol in gladsome pomp ar-
 ray'd,

Dispels the dew-tears from the drooping
 flower.

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